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PULL-OUT

BATTLE POSTER INSIDE!

OINK!

NO. 20

EVERY FORTNIGHT

WEDNESDAY 24th to FEBRUARY 6th 1987

SPECIAL WAR ISSUE!



ACHTUNG!
ENGLANDER
SWINES!

30P

A TRUE STORY
OF WORLD WAR ONE
(HONEST!)

READ
"THE
FORGOTTEN
HEROES"

ON PAGE 2 →

The FORGOTTEN HEROES

AN (ALMOST) TRUE STORY OF WORLD WAR ONE!

1914. Northern France. A British regiment was pinned down in the trenches by the advancing German army.



We're done for! They'll overrun us in days!



Our air choppers are keeping the Hun at bay, but they're running out of bombs and having to improvise!



Don't be barmy! Our bi-planes can't carry hundreds of men!

Not men, sir...



The plan was approved! Under cover of darkness, three biplanes set off, towing an unused cargo.



...trained piglets! They're lighter than soldiers, sir!

"Snapper" had gained his reputation in the Boer War when he had sent heavily-armed mules to burrow beneath the Dutch defenses.

The plan was simple: surprise by the world's first "porcupine" regiment!



*From the British words Porc - piglet, Chien - firing.



The veteraned Germans were no match for the highly skilled pigtroops.



Tally-ho, chaps! Off you go!



The British command soon realized the danger and Germans...

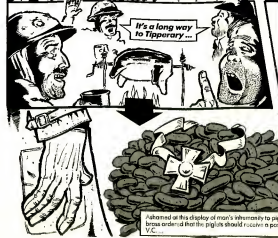
Komrad! Vo surrender!

However, the pig-dropping operation was so top-secret that nobody had told the stinging Tammie that the pigs were on their side...



Slurp! Fresh Pork!

Trained to shoot only of German uniforms, the pigs were helpful.



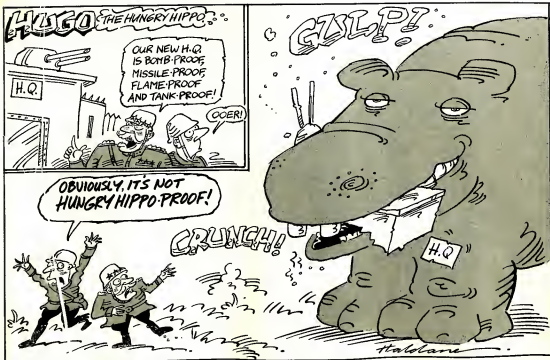
It's a long way to Tipperary...



To day, the S.A.S. (Special Air Service) are secretly re-membring, showing how as ally people can forget the butcher of war...

SNIFF!

Admired at this display of man's ingenuity to pig, the top brass ordered that the piglets should receive a posthumous VC.



ADVERTISEMENT

DOGS! ARE YOU IN A RUT?

WANT ADVENTURE? EXCITEMENT? DANGER? THEN JOIN THE S.P.P. (SPECIAL PET PATROL) - THE NEW ARMY REGIMENT FOR DOMESTIC CANINES!



You'll learn discipline and self-control.



Gain useful skills on our land-mine detection course.



Help test out our advanced technology.



Gain respect and rewards.

IT'S A DOGS LIFE IN THE ARMY!

YES! I WANT TO JOIN THE S.P.P.!

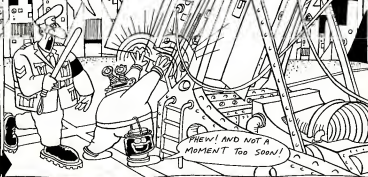
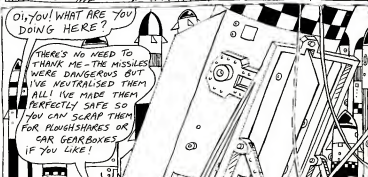
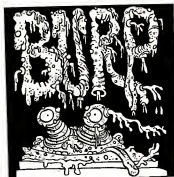
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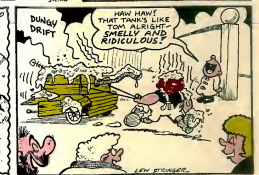
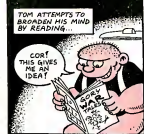
PAWPRINT _____





BANX

TOM THUG



UNCLE PIGG!

WANTS YOU

TO BUY AN OINK!SHIRT!

I'VE ALREADY SIGNED UP, SIR!

Pyre quality: 100% cotton.
 PRICES: Childrens - £4.27
 (£3.77 for Pig Pack members)
 Adults: £5.27
 (£4.77 for Pig Pack members)
 Prices quoted include postage and packing.

Flags not available to readers in EIRE and overseas just yet.
 Applications in a stamped addressed envelope to:
 T-SHIRT OFFER, OINK! CLUB,
 99 CHURCH STREET,
 TEWKESBURY, GLOS. GL20 5RS.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

Number of shirts required C _____ A _____
 childrens size required
 (28" or 32" chest) _____
 34"/36"/40" adults _____

State if "PIG PACK" member (YES or NO) _____

If yes: state membership number _____
(membership orders must go with the T-SHIRT OFFER)

Cheques or postal orders to be made payable to THE OINK! CLUB

Amount enclosed _____
 State if cheque or postal order _____

Bimbo & Ginger

THE FLYING ACES



DASHED BORED, BIMBO,
OLD BEAN! I SAY, LET'S GO
AND BAG A FEW JERRIES!

SPIFFING IDEA, GINGER!
IT'S ABOUT TIME THE HUN
WERE SHOWN WHO'S TOPS!

In a flash, the lads were airborne,
ready for a scrap...

I SAY, GINGER! UP THERE
AT THREE O'CLOCK! OODLES
OF THE NASTY FELLOWS!

THREE O'CLOCK?
IT'S NOT QUITE TWELVE
YET! OH, YES! I SEE THE
HUN SWINE! TALLY HO!

A dog-fight began! Ginger and Bimbo,
outnumbered forty-to-one soon began
to show Jerry what makes Britain great!

JUST BAGGED
ANOTHER ONE!

TOP HOLE, WHAT!
JERRY'S RUNNING
SCARED!

DONNER UND
BLITZEN, WHO ARE
THESE CRAZY
ENGLANDERS?

But trouble loomed
for the brave duo.

Showing nifty skill, Bimbo
did a very clever thing,
leaving the Kraut puzzled...

Just as the stinking Jerry swine thought
they'd got them licked, our intrepid
pair were back in action...

Soon the Jerries were
nearly done for...

DASH AND BLAST IT,
BIMBO! WE'RE OUT OF
AMMO!

-AND THERE'S A HUN
ON OUR TAIL!

JOLLY GOOD FLYING
BIMBO OLD CHAP!

WERE'S HE GONE?

JUST PINGED
ANOTHER!
WHA FUN!

GOOD JOB WE BROUGHT
OUR PEA-SHOOTER AND
CATAPULT, EH?!

"JUST A TITCH
MORE... OKAY, SPOT
ON, BIMBO!"

Ginger leapt onto the
filthy Jerry's plane

WELL JUMPED,
OLD SPORT!

VAS IST
DAS?

HELLO,
FRITZ!

TAKE THAT,
HUN!

BIFF!

With bravery
unequalled for
quite a long
time, Ginger
then jumped
back to his own
'plane,' cause
clever Bimbo
had flown
underneath
the putrid
Jerry heap.

GOOD FLYING,
BIMB!

TERRIFIC
STUFF, GINGE!

Back on home ground, the
two heroes were greeted
by Wing Commander Quentin
Longshanks-Ogilvey...

OFFICE MESS

SIR! SIR!

DASHED GOOD SHOW,
CHAPS! YOU REALLY SHOWED
JERRY A THING OR TWO!
JUST ONE SMALL THING...

...THE WAR
FINISHED FIVE
YEARS AGO!

THE END

THE SECRET (WAR) DIARY of Hadrian Vile

We found a stuffed wonk on the tow dunt!
We decided to use it as a mask for our game...

Unforch bonastle, Bashar Briggs' mob spotted it as well, and tried to claim it...

Bashar issued a challenge...

I'll fight your gang's champion for it!

You're on!

This mean' wot? I began to draw up plans...

He fits wot arranged for necker day! He had to play a champ

They want a promising bunch!

I selected Tubby Watson (He's too fat to feel pain).

Hee wot use! He's his wate broke the asport covey rope... SEWAGE!

Then hee got stuck in the crawl-through pipe I'd set up...

Fat fool!

I decided an asport covey, too giv him S.A.S training...

The day of the fite... How How!

Here's our champ! He's studied S.A.S techniques!

Your book learning won't save you, midget!

Bashar wot can fight...

...But not for long!

SNAAA ARR!

Get 'im, Bowser!

B-but, your champions a dog!

There's nothing in the rules against it!

That's one thing you can learn from buk...

Being sneaky...

THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE

IN BATTLE

THE MOST EXCITING FIGHTING TEAM IN THE WORLD

NOW!

AT A PAPER SHOP NEAR YOU!

BEST FOR ADVENTURE EVERY WEEK!

STORM FORCE

26p

MAJOR DUCK'S WAR TIPS!

N°1 THE CANNON.



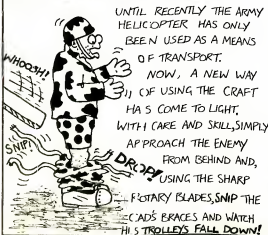
WHEN LOADING YOUR CANNON DO NOT USE CANNON BALLS. INSTEAD, ASK TERRY WOGAN OR BARRY MANILOW TO 'VOLUNTEER' TO BE FIRED AT THE ENEMY! THIS WILL NOT KILL THE ENEMY BUT IS SURE TO TURN THEM INTO A PATHETIC HEAP ON THE FLOOR, THUS RENDERING THEM HARMLESS!

N°2 THE BACK-PACK WAR RADIO.



THE BACK-PACK WAR RADIO IS USUALLY USED TO CONVEY MESSAGES FROM OFFICERS TO SOLDIERS! ALTHOUGH AN EFFECTIVE AND USEFUL APPLIANCE, IT CAN BE PUT TO BETTER USE! SIMPLY WAIT UNTIL 4 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTER-NOON AND TUNE INTO THE STEVE WRIGHT SHOW ON RADIO 1 - THEN CHARGE AT THE ENEMY! THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER WILL SOON FLY!

N°3 THE ARMY HELICOPTER.

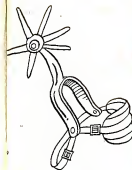


UNTIL RECENTLY THE ARMY HELICOPTER HAS ONLY BEEN USED AS A MEANS OF TRANSPORT. NOW, A NEW WAY OF USING THE CRAFT HAS COME TO LIGHT. WITH CARE AND SKILL, SIMPLY APPROACH THE ENEMY FROM BEHIND AND, USING THE SHARP ROTARY BLADES, SNIP THE ENEMY'S BRACES AND WATCH HIS TROLLEYS FALL DOWN!

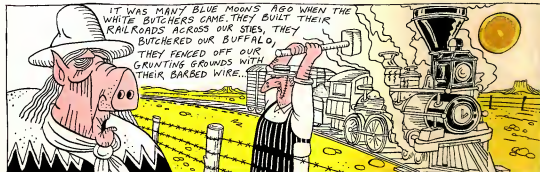
N°5 THE BAYONET.



THE BAYONET IS ONE OF THE OLDEST TOOLS OF THE SOLDIER. OVER THE YEARS, THE DESIGN AND STRUCTURE OF THE WEAPON HAS CHANGED QUITE A LOT. NOW, THE SHARP METAL FIXTURE HAS BEEN CHANGED TO A TICKLING STICK - THUS MAKING THE WEAPON LESS DEADLY BUT MORE FUN!



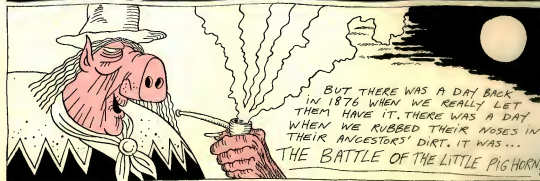
1876



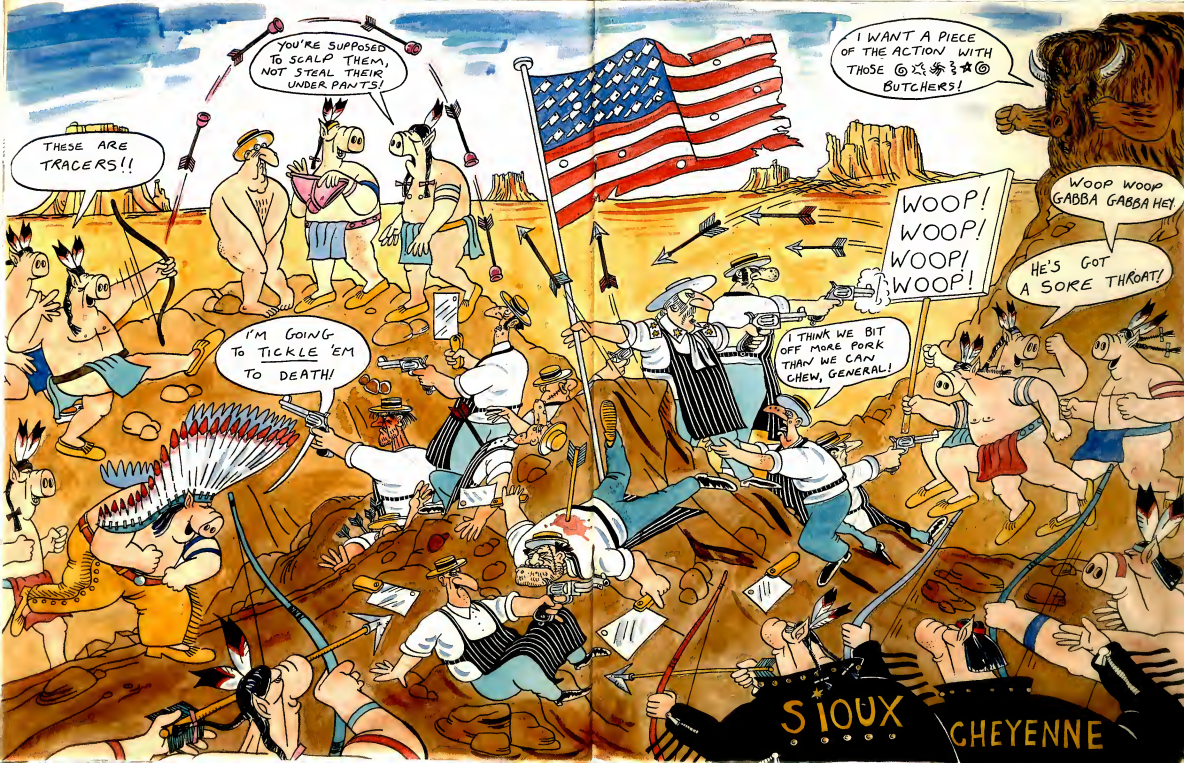
IT WAS MANY BLUE MOON'S AGO WHEN THE WHITE BUTCHERS CAME. THEY BUILT THEIR RAILROADS ACROSS OUR SITES. THEY BUTCHERED OUR BUFFALO. THEY FENCED OFF OUR GRUNTING GROUNDS WITH THEIR BARBED WIRE...



THEY SLAUGHTERED OUR SONS AND PIGLETS. THEY POISONED OUR SWILL AND TORTURED OUR FINEST WARRIOR BOARS AND MADE THEM INTO PASTRAMI. THEY PACIFIED US TILL WE DROPPED...



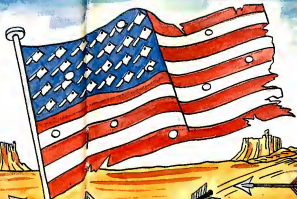
BUT THERE WAS A DAY BACK IN 1876 WHEN WE REALLY LET THEM HAVE IT. THERE WAS A DAY WHEN WE RUBBED THEIR NOSES IN THEIR ANCESTORS' DIRT. IT WAS... THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE PIG HORN!



THESE ARE TRACERS!!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SCALP THEM, NOT STEAL THEIR UNDER PANTS!

I'M GOING TO TICKLE 'EM TO DEATH!



I WANT A PIECE OF THE ACTION WITH THOSE 回 转 星 号 BUTCHERS!

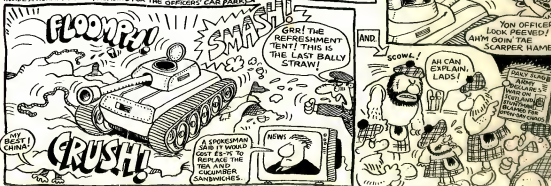
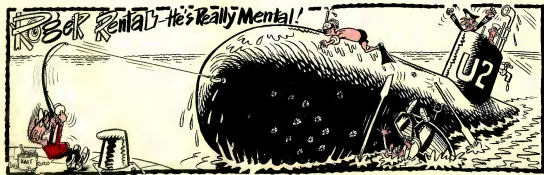
WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!

HE'S GOT A SORE THROAT!

WOOP WOOP GABBA GABBA HEY

I THINK WE BIT OFF MORE PORK THAN WE CAN CHEW, GENERAL!

SIoux CHEYENNE



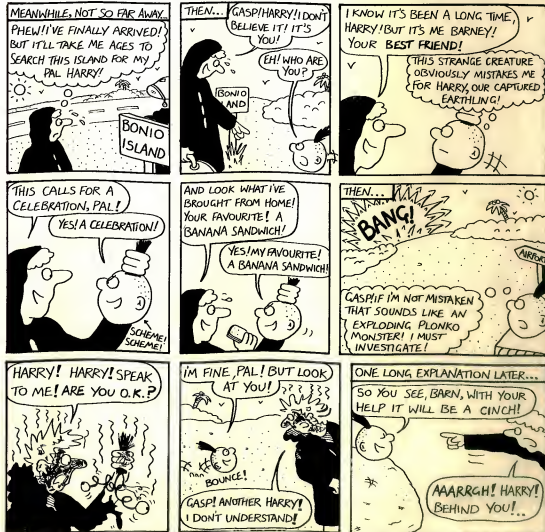
THE GOLDEN TROUGH AWARDS

SICK OF BEING HOUNDED BY THEIR CAPTORS, A GROUP OF BRAVE ENGLISH FLYERS MADE ONE OF THE MOST DARING ESCAPES OF WORLD WAR II. MADE INTO A FILM STARRING JOHN MILLSTONE CALLED "DON'T WAG YOUR TAIL TILL YOU'RE FREE"



FOOTNOTE: THE ESCAPEES WERE CAPTURED SHORTLY BY THE TOWN DOG WARDEN. THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE LOCAL DOGS' HOME. THOSE THAT COULD NOT BE SOLD AS PETS WERE PUT DOWN.

HARRY THE HEAD'S BIG ADVENTURE!



WHAT HAS BARNEY SEEN? DON'T MISS THE NEXT GRIPPING EPISODE IN TWO WEEKS...

Pete and his Pimple!



GENERALS!

ARE YOU BOTHERED BY THOSE TROUBLESOME GERMS UNDER THE TOILET RIM?

YES - I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SWIFT THEM.



MADVERTISEMENT

SIMPLY POP THE HANDY SIZE BOX IN THE TOILET, AND...



ONLY £3.50 PER BOX FROM G.D.H. (MILITARY SUPPLIES) LTD;



WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR? ABSOLUTELY NO-THING!



THAT WAS A MR BIGNOSE DISCO-FUNK "PROPAGANDA FOR PEACE" ANNOUNCEMENT

THE Special Operations Squad

FEATURE IN:

The MISSION



SIR HERBERT QUARTZBERAIN WAS A FAMOUS EXPLORER...

HE WAS VERY FOND OF HIS NEPHEW ALBERT AND HIS NICE VICTORIA...

SO FOND THAT HE TOOK THEM ALONG ON HIS EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE LEGENDARY...

SCRIPT: RODGERS
ART: TIER

CHAPTER ONE:
THE TEMPLE OF BLOOM!

THE LOST TEMPLE OF SOLOMON IN THE NUKKISH!

OOZE! DO WE HAVE TO GO IN THERE, UNCLE?

SUDDENLY...
MAGH!

VICTORIA!
HIDDEN DOOR!

WE'VE GOT TO GO IN THERE, UNCLE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER, UNCLE! SHE'S ALREADY DEAD!

AND YOU'LL JOIN HER IN A MINUTE! THE IDIOTS ARE SUICIDAL! TO HAVE MYSTIC POWERS...

WHO THE...?

NEXT EPISODE:
THE TUNNEL OF LUMPS!

AND THOSE POWERS SHALL BE MINE!

MY ARCH-RIVAL BUSHYBROOK, SQUITLEY, AND HIS HENCHMAN THUS MUGGERIDGE!

THIS TEMPLE IS SAID TO CONTAIN SEVERAL GOLDEN STATUES WORTH MILLIONS! (BUT I ONLY WANT THEM FOR THEIR SCIENTIFIC VALUE OF COURSE!)

THERE THEY ARE! KING SOLOMON'S SWIVES!

GASP!

TURN BACK

KEEP OUT

CURSED TEMPLE! NEVER!

GIVE WAY

GIVE IS GENEROUS!

GIVE UP!

I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

CAREFUL! THERE MAY BE BOOBY TRAPS!

THOING!!

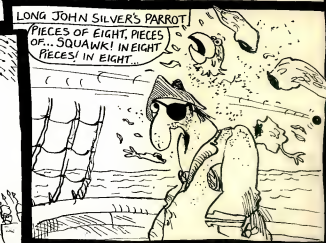
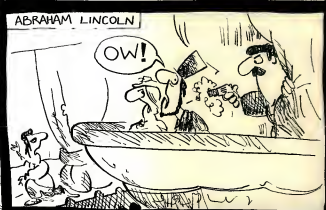
COME ALONG! SOME ALONG! DON'T PANIC! HELP! HURRY! HURRY!

frank's army

hello, 'oink' readers, did i ever tell you about the time i got an army together...? it all started when mr lake, my greengrocer, phoned.



FAMOUS LAST WORDS!

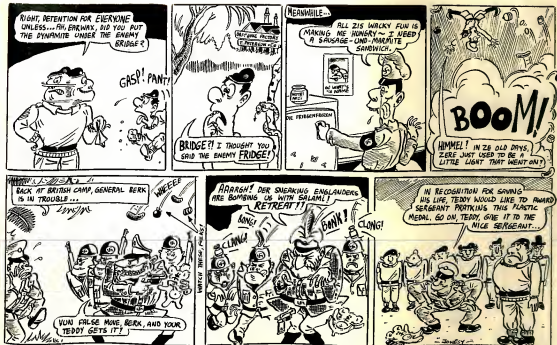
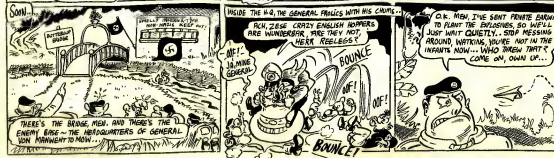


Tony Husband

CHUCK PRESENTS: A (NEARLY) TRUE STORY OF WORLD WAR TWO!

BY CORRESPONDENT JIMMY JONES,
OF THE 7TH ENGINEER
INFANTRY.

BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER SEPTIC!



SPECKY HECTOR, the COMICS COLLECTOR!



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G.B.H. ARMY SURPLUS MAIL ORDER

WATER FLASK



Essential for those jungle and desert missions. Comes complete with bullet-holes.

No. 107

Only \$19

D.I.Y. CAMOUFLAGE KIT



Disguise yourself and your combat vehicles with this realistic Forest, jungle, camouflage kit complete. I saw 1 map of Nocturnal Forest, Sweden, complete with bullet-holes.

(Told you it was do-it-yourself!)

No. 123

Only \$324

S.A.S. JUNGLE COMBAT KIT



Contains Cobra-bats antides, elephant repellent, "Radio-Engineer" radio make, three-armed funny face-mask, etc. Fully guaranteed (apples in U.K. only).

No. 97

Only 107

UNARMED COMBAT BOOK



Secret techniques, as used in the retreat from Dunkirk. Learn how to man, crush and break bits off any opponent, even if they're armed with swords, guns, tanks, etc! Money back if you're fit enough to come and collect if they've got guns.

No. 104

Only \$322

FREE ARMY BOOTS!

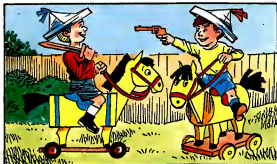


Visit the G.B.H. Army Surplus Store in Shop Street, Port Stanley, and our friendly staff will give you a FREE pair of Army Boots up the backside if you don't buy anything! (Offer not valid for members of the Atomic Forces, especially if they've got guns.)

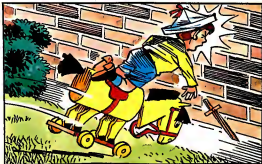
Jim and Joe

A moving tale of War and Friendship

To the tune of 'The Little Biscuits'



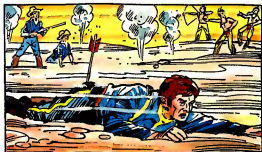
Two little lads had presents from their dads, each had a wooden gee-goe.
Gaily they'd play, each summer's day (except when they stopped for a wee-wee).



One little gent then had an accident, rode his horse into a wall.
He felt like a twit, but cheered up a bit as he heard his playmate call ...



'Did you think I would leave you helpless, when there's room on my horse for two?'
'As a rider, Joe, you're pretty hopeless, but I can go just as fast with two.
'When we grow up we'll both be soldiers, and our horses won't be made of wood,
'And we'll fight together and be big heroes, oh won't it be dead good?'



Years flew past, war came so fast, the two chums went to war,
Cannons roared loud, and in the mad crowd, lay Joe with a bottom so sore.
Up went a shout, a horse dashed out, out from the ranks so blue,
Galloped away to where Joe lay, then came a voice he knew ...



'Did you think I would leave you dying, when there's room on my horse's baaaaaasack!' But Jim's speech had an unhappy ending, as a sniper shot him in the back!



Joe got up into Jim's saddle, and rode off into the night,
And he thought 'I always hated that little show-off!
'It serves him blinking well right!'

MORAL: A FRIEND IN NEED IS A PEST.